The DHOORALING.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

II. The Merry-Man going to his Grave.

III. AULD ROBIN GRAY.

IV. The MAIDS LAMENT.

MONAGHAN: Printedby JOHN BROWN.

The Dhooraling, being an Anſwer to to the Dhuidheen Pin.

YE maidens pretty attend a while,
This new found ditty will make ye ſmile,
'Tis of a rambling roving blade,
That's well belov'd by each fair maid;
The ſporting girls take great delight,
In his ſweet company day and night,
On his Bagpipes he play them a tuneful ſpring,
Whilſt he muffels the tune on his *Dhooraling*.

Too long the Dhuidheen was the toaſt,
Alltho' no more than an empty boaſt,
Sweet *Dhooral* now, that pleaſing toy,
Diverts the girls o' ne'er ſo coy
The pipers fees they ne'er diſpute,
When he plays them a lilt on his german flute,
Then away with *Mc Teague* and his *Dhuidheen Pin*,
And leave room for *Mc Clean* and his *Dhooraling*.

In patron, market, town or fair,
The girls do treat him every where,
His chanter is of the lageſt ſize,
And for it they'd freely part their eyes,
When to *Mc Clean* the do repair,
[illegible] money or liquor they never ſpare,
[illegible] price of their yarn they to him bring,
[illegible] Dhooraling.

Of all other muſick that e'er was known,
They give the degree to the pipers drone,
With a blaſt of his bellows, he fills the bag,
Then his triangle chanter begins to wag
His muſical notes they are all quite new,
Each bar in the gamut he plays ſo true,
No Harpſicord Fidle or tuneful ſpring,
Can equal *Mc Clean* and his *Dhooraling*

A buxſome widow below Colerain,
Heard ſeverals talk of young *Dan Mc Clean*,
Reſolved ſhe was no time to waſte
But ſend for the piper to come in haſte;
He ſcurſed up his pipes without delay,
With his bags and his drones he leather'd away,
Five Guineas in gold and a Diamond ring,
She gave for a twiſt of his *Dhooraling*.

He met an old woman in Portadown,
Who had ne'er a tooth in her jaw but one,
Tho' ſhe mumbled her meat with a horn ſpoon,
Yet this merry going heiffer ſhe lov'd a tune,
Altho' decriped blind and lame,
She long'd for a touch of the ſporting game,
Her pipe and tobacco away ſhe did fling,
And beat time with her crutch to his *Dhooraling*,

One night in dancing at a ball,
A youthful lady chanc'd to fall,
Young Dan to her aſſiſtance went,
Which fill'd the fairone with content;
He ſlip'd him into a private room,
Where he blew up his bag like an Air Ballon.

In raptnrea round him ſhedid cling,
Whilſt he play'd her thehpmours of *Dhoorating*.

But leaſt I ſhou'd detain you long,
I'll here conclude my merry ſong,
In hopes I have offended none,
By praiſing of the pipers drone,
Tho' prudent maids ſeem ſo ſhy,
Yet ſtill they're willing the game to try,
And when a long they'l merily ſing,
Concerning the fates of the *Dhoorating*.

The Maids Lament.

ONE evening fair in ſummer, I rov'd to take the air
I eſpy'd this lovely creature and this ſhe did declare,
Brannan he's my jewel, and my only heart's delight;
In ſpite of all my parent's with him I'll take a flight.

'Tis time for to relate the love I fixed in thee,
Suppoſe that I be wealthy and you of low degree;
Your lovely ſhapes and carriage, has ſo entangled me,
For ever I muſt doe, unleſs your'e *Gramachree*.

My dear be not uneaſy nor troubled in your mind
Let nothing now diſpleaſe you, but rove and ſport your time;
Had I gold in heaps, on you would reſign,
Once you change your ways Love, and ſays that you are mine.

What make me ſigh and mourn, each morning that I ſee,
As my love is abſent and ſhe ſo far from me,
'Tis near the Borders of Elfin, its there you'll find I know,
A Comely girl both black and red, the plan of Bouheroe,

When firſt I gained her favour, I own it is all true,
Her friends they did diſdain me, and kept he from my view
But ſoon they did diſcove their vengeance ſore 'gainſt me,
Which made me plant this garden, and leave the Country.

Now my lovely charmer ſince yo've got your will of me,
I think it is but juſtice you'd pay the Clergy's fee,
No no my dear, you need not fear, from you I'll not go 'way,
Before we're wed we'll go to bed, and make no more delay.

Auld Robin Gray.

YOUNG Jamie lov'd me weel, and aſk'd me for his bride,

But saving a crown he had naithing elſe beſide;
To make the crown a pound my Jamie went to ſea,
And the crown and the pound were baith for me;
He had na been gane a year and a day,
When my father brake his arm and our cow ſtole away
My mither ſhe fell ſick, and Jamie at the ſea.
And Auld Rodin Gray came a courting to me.

My father cou'dna work, my mither cou'dna ſpin,
I toil'd day and night, but their bread cou'dna win;
Auld Robin maintain'd'em baith & with tears in his Eee
Fair Janie for their ſakes oh marry me;
My heart it ſaid nay for I look'd for Jamie back,
But the wind it blew hard, & his ſhip was a wreck;
His ſhip was a wreck why didna Janie die,
And why was ſhe ſpared to cry waes me.

My father urg'd me fair my mither did'na ſpake,
But ſhe look'd in my face till my heart was like to break
So they gi'ed him my hand tho' my heart was at ſea,
And Auld Robin Gray was a guide man to me:
I had na been a wife but weeks only four,
When ſitting ſo mournfully out my ain door,
I ſaw my Jamie's wrath, for I cou'd'na think it he,
Till he ſaid I'm come hame love to marry thee.

Sair, ſair did we greet, and mickel did we ſay,
We took but one kiſs and we tare ourſelves away;
I wiſh I were deed, but I'm na like to die,
Oh why was I born to ſay wae's me:
I gang like a ghaiſt, and I care not to ſpin,
I dare na think on Jamie for that wou'd be a ſin;
So I will do my beſt a gude wife for to be,
For Auld Robin Gray's is very guide to me.

The Merry-man going to his Grave.

TO quarrel for riches it is but a folly,
So here is a health to the girl that I love,
Yet never forgetting ſweet Nancy or Polly,
In hopes that the Fair one will grant me her love.
With my bottle and glaſs, dull hours I'll paſs,
To gain her affection is all that I crave,
Then my jewel and I will ſweetly agree,
And never diſpute 'till we go to our grave.

Set me down at the head of a table,
With thirty ſix gallons of brandy or rum;
That each clever fellow may drink all he's able,
And toaſt it a bout with a full glaſs in hand.
My hair ſhall be powder'd my beard neatly ſhaven,
Whilſt I ſit in ſtate in my holyday cloaths,
With a brave ſinging toper plac'd at my left ſhoulder,
A pipe for to ſmoke and a jug at my noſe.

The poor ſilly miſer that doats on his riches,
The fruits of his labour he never enjoys,
His heirs they are wanting to ſpend it in pleaſure,
And ſcarce can afford him a ſhirt when he dies.
His belly's complaining for want of ſuſtainance,
His bones are decrepid with hunger and cold,
The poor ſilly miſer that doats on his riches,
Can take no delight in a full flowing bowl.

When Death ſends his ſummons to ſeize on my body
No crocodile tears ſhall be ſhed at my wake,
No counterfeit rhymers to fly in a paſſion,
I earneſt deſire no moan ſhall be made.
Before I lie under a pack of ſuch beagles,
Rehearſing their actions with nonſenſe and rhymes,
Like a pack of blind hounds repeating their fables,

Down in a bog but the hare cannot find.
Give each cleaver fellow a glaſs of good whiſkey,
To drink to the memory of him that lies dead,
And when he is down let him dance a good figure,
I earneſt requeſt that no moan ſhall be made.
Give each cleaver fellow a black thorn cudgel,
To anoint each others jackets and none to controul
And when the ſtrongeſt has beat down the weakeſt,
They will end the diſpute with a full flowing bowl.
Early in the morning bright Phœbus adorning,
My trunk ſhall be nailed quite cloſe to my back,
With four clever fellows to bear be up level,
Whilſt I on their ſhoulders lie cloſe to their necks,
Then they ſhall ſing and the woods they ſhall ring,
And they ſhall raiſe a chorus moſt gallant and brave,
Then lay me down ſtraight on the broad of my back,
And away goes the merry man home to his grave.
Drawer be quicker and bring us more liquor,
And piper come turn up your leather and play,
When my glaſs it is out with my laſs I will kiſs,
I'll booze in her pitcher and tarry 'till day.

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